

Flesh and Bone

by Cantarella Potion

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Summary: At the end of the world who do you trust? The government?

The media? No. You trust your loved ones. They are all that keep you going. This is the story of a group of friends who have the fate of the world as they know it resting on their back. This is the story of how humanity traded weapons of steel for weapons of flesh and bone.

1. Chapter 1: And so it begins

Imagine a time when the human race lives together in the peace with no war over race, sex, or religion. A time when battles over such things in a naive legend known by few. When Humans live together with hate beyond personality clashes and bad histories. A time when as against each other is laughable.

It sounds like an impossible, idealistic Utopia, doesn't it?

Now imagine that this peace is fueled by an ongoing war between us and another humanoid race and a wall tall enough to hide sunsets that paint the horizon. When fear of a fate worst than death is something you're born with, live with, and die with.

A time when titans have stolen the earth through a gruesome genocide that brought the once mighty human race to it's knees.

When a wall made of stone is all that stands between surviving and being eaten alive.

* * *

><p>Year 842

Hiccup's finger's brushed against white clouds. Their fluff tickled his knuckles and yet felt pleasantly flew through twisting tower made of the fluff on the back of a reptilian beast. It had large black

wings coated with scales. It was easily ten times bigger than him and could no doubt devour him, but it didn't. Instead, it flew Hiccup wherever it pleased him and never seemed to want anything more from him than a pat on the head and words of praise.

Below them was a mountain range covered in trees with red, yellow, and orange leaves. The crisp autumn air caressed his cheeks and brought out a red blush. Hiccup patted the beast's neck and they dove downwards, spiraling as they went. He let out a carefree laugh. His stomach was doing summersaults and every inch of him buzzed with adrenaline. The beast pulled out of it right before they crashed into the trees and glided over them. Hiccup's hair whipped behind him and his eyes stung from the force of the wind hitting them.

They landed in a meadow with a crystal stream that weaved through it like a ribbon. Hiccup dismounted and walked over to it while the black rolled around in the emerald green grass. He cupped his hands, dipped them in the fresh water and took a sip. It tasted like freshly fallen snow and was incredibly refreshing. The boy returned to his beast and sat next to it.

Hiccup took in the transient perfect world around him and smiled softly. He had never felt so free. It was as though all the troubles that had chained him down broke, leaving him free to do as he pleased. His beast and him could do anything and all would be well as long as they had each other. They were bound by something more than loyalty sprung from commands and rewards. They were best friends, both willing to do anything for the other. Together, they could fly close enough to the sky to touch it or low enough to pick flowers as they flew by.

They trusted each other completely and nothing could separate them.

Not even-

"Hiccup!" A voice sang his name and his blanket was ripped from him. "Breakfast is ready! Time to get up!"`

Standing next to his bed with his blanket in hand was a boy one year older than him. He had a mischievous smile that made adults double check their pockets and girls there age blush. He was little more than a bean pole with lean muscles and brown hair and matching eyes.

"Morning to you, too, Jack." Hiccup yawned at his best friend. "And give me back my blanket!" He made a swipe for it.

"Ah, ah, ah." Jack smirked and held it right out of his reach. "Not until you get out of bed." Hiccup grunted, swung his legs off the bed and pulled himself into a sleeping position.

"Be down in five minutes or I'll come tickle you!" He threw the blanket over Hiccup's head and ran out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Hiccup huffed and pushed the blanket off him. Why couldn't Jack just wake him up normally? He picked up the sketchbook on his nightstand and quickly sketched out what he could remember about the creature from his dream. It wasn't the first time that it had appeared in his

dreams. He and the beast had gone on countless adventure together. Many of the pages in his sketchbook had drawings and noted about them. together, they had done so many things and been so many places. But no matter where his dreams took him, Hiccup would always be accompanied by the black beast with eyes that mirrored his own.

Hiccup yawned and set his notebook aside. As strange as his dreams might be, he couldn't dwell on them too long. He tugged off his night clothes and put on the fresh green tunic and brown trousers that his mom had laid out for him. How she managed to get out all the stains from him playing, he'd never know.

He let himself yawn one last time and rubbed the sleep from his eyes before heading down to the kitchen. The muffled sound of talking and clattering dishes met Hiccup's ears. When he rounded the corner, the delicious scent of breakfast tantalizing him. At the sink, his mom dipped her sponge into a bucket and scrubbed the grime off the dishes. Jack and Emma, his little sister, sat at the table stuffing their faces with porridge, bickering away.

"Hiccup, Hiccup, Hiccup. You're always talking about him. You haven't got a crush on him, do you?"

"Do not!" Emma blushed.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah!"

"'Cus I'm not!"

Hiccup walked around them, unnoticed, to get his own bowl of porridge with an amused smile.

"Stop it, Jack!"

"Not until you stop blushing!"

"Am not!" She pouted. "Besides! You're always talking about him! H-How do I know that you don't have a crush on him?"

"No way!" Despite his refusal, a faint blush found it's way to his cheeks. "We're best friends! You can't have a crush on your best friend!"

Hiccup sat down at the table and the sibling suddenly became very quite.

"No, Please. Don't stop talking just because I'm here." He smirked.

"Hiccup!" His mom turned around and pinched his ear sharply with wet hands. "Stop that. It's not nice to tease."

"Oh-What? Come on!" He gestured to Jack and Emma with one hand and rubbed the dish water off with the other. "What about them? What were they doing just a moment ago?"

"Teasing each other. The difference is, I'm not their mother." Hiccup

groaned and hit his head against the the table. She chuckled and patted him on the shoulder. "So, did you guys have any good dreams last night?" She dried her hands on her apron and sat down with them.

"I had one!" Emma gulped down her food and jumped excitedly in her chair.

"Were you kissing Hiccup?" Jack asked cheekily.

"Was not!" She set her bowl down so hard, porridge sloshed down the sides. "It was about Wall Maria."

"Oh?" Hiccup's mom looked at her with interest. She handed the girl her handkerchief to wipe away the mess.

"Uh huh." She cleaned as she spoke. "Wall Maria wasn't there anymore."

"But then the titans would get in!" Hiccup looked alarmed. _Was it a nightmare?_ "We'd all die."

Emma shook her head. "There weren't any titans in my dream. Just water."

"Just water? What's that suppose to mean?"

"There was a lake after where the wall is and I couldn't see the end of it."

Jack looked at her in confusion. "Were the rivers any bigger?" She shook her head. "That's weird. Why wouldn't the rivers that go past the wall get bigger if there's so much water?"

"It's just a dream, Jack." Emma scold. He shrugged it off.

"I had a dream, too." Hiccup spoke up.

"Were you kissing Hiccup, Hiccup?" The boy in question shot a look at his laughing friend.

"No, I was riding on the back of the flying lizard."

"Another one?" His Mom eyed him with curiosity. "How many does this make it?"

"Uh... Seven this month, I think."

"That's a lot!" Emma cried. The boys nodded in agreement.

"Perhaps it's a dragon." Mrs. Haddock stood up and walked to their small bookshelf.

"A Dra-Wha...?" Her son furrowed his brow.

"A Dragon." She brought back a book from the top shelf excitement tingled in Hiccup. he wasn't allowed to look at those books until he was older. She opened up the book and flipped through the pages as she spoke. Every page had beautiful drawn illustration of beasts like the one in Hiccup's dreams.

"Dragons are large reptiles with wings. Legends say that they roamed the earth long before the walls we built." A drawing depicted a dragon dresses in bones and the page turned and it was replaced with one that had hundreds of spikes on it's tail. "They breathed fire and sometimes spat poison." A man was being scalded by a dragon that spat boiling water. "For food, they'd steal from herds of sheep and cow." A dragon was flying into trees and cutting them down with it's sharp wings. "And if a man attacked them, they'd eat them too." The children shifted in their seats and cast fearful glances at each other as Hiccup's mom turned the last page. The dragon's had gotten scarier the further they got in the book. What would be on the last page? "But legends also tell us about men who were brave enough to befriend the dragons and that the bonds between them were unbreakable. These people would get on the backs of creatures three times their size and fly with them so close that they could touch the clouds."

The last page in the old book simple had an illustration. There were no words, no facts. just a small painting. But it was so beautiful and realistic that it made Hiccup want to tear up his crude scribbles. It showed a woman with a daring look on her face and a man laughing, both on the backs of dragons. the clouds formed their own kind of landscape against the deep blue of the sky. There were canyons of stormy grey clouds and mountain peaks of cotton white puffs. Wispy clouds snaked through the others like rivers.

The children all looked at it as if they were enchanted.

Emma looked up first. "I want to be a dragon rider!"

"Well, Maybe you'll be the first to find. No one's seen them in a very long time." Mrs. haddock stood up and collected the dirty dishes from the children. "Now get going." She looked at Jack and Emma. "Your mom is waiting for you."

Jack, Emma, and Hiccup grabbed their coats and headed to the Overland's house. Along they way they kicked stones out of the road and talked excitedly about dragons.

"I want one that can breath ice!"

"Jack," Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Dragons breath fire."

"How do you know? There might be a dragon like that where it's really cold!"

"I want a dragon that's pure white! Like a pearl!" Emma interrupted them before they could start fighting, "What about you, Hiccup?"

"I want one just like the one in my dreams." He didn't even need to think about it. Jack couldn't help but smile. Of course that's what he'd want. He could be so predictable.

"Tag." Jack interrupted their conversation and tapped his sister on the shoulder. He laughed and ran off as fast as he could. Jack, on the other hand, loved to have the element of surprise in his favor. "You're it!" He called over his shoulder.

Hiccup and Emma exchanged glances before chasing after him. But he

had to much of a head start. they were only able to catch with him when he was outside the Overland's house waiting for them.

"Jack..." Hiccup groaned and gasped for air. "Not... Fair. You cheated." Jack smirked at them.

The three caught their breath and fixed their wind blown hair before knocking on the door. The house was small but had a homely feel to it. There were flowers and patches of vegetables scattered around the yard and a small well. Jack picked a handful of flowers that were at his feet and sniffed them. A soft voice called them in.

The house had only one room. there was a bed, a table with chairs, some cupboards and shelves, a wood stove, and a few baskets filled with yarn. A sickly looking woman laid on the bed and another was chopping some carrots on the table.

"Jack! Emma! Hiccup!" The sickly woman beamed at them and held her arms open for hugs.

"Mommy!" Emma ran to her, too excited to stay calm. She threw her arms around her and hugged her tight.

"'Morning, Mom!" Jack hid the flowers behind his back and gave her a quick one arm hug around his family. He had a goofy grin on his face. "I've got a present for you." He held out the flowers to her.

"Oh! Thank you, Jack!" Mrs. Overland smelt them. "They're lovely!"

"Taken from the garden like usual, I'm guessing?" The other woman came over.

"Haha! Well, I can't go breaking the tradition now, can I Mrs. Hudson?" She sent Jack a look as she took some wilted flowers out of the vase on the bedside table and Mrs. Overland filled it with the new ones.

"I have a present for all three of you, as well." She said excitedly and glanced at Mrs. Hudson.

The children looked at each other in excitement and Emma got off the bed and hopped around the bed. Mrs. Hudson took two brown packages out of one of the cupboards and handed them Mrs. Overland. She handed a small rectangular one to Hiccup.

"It's not much, but I hope you like it."

He quickly wrapped it and grinned ear to ear. "A sketchbook!" He ran his hand over the brown leather cover and flipped through the blank pages. "Thank you!" He hugged her.

"I'm glad you like it." Mrs. Overland turned to her son and handed him the last package.

Jack quickly opened it but stopped when he saw what it was and looked at her in confusion. "A- new cloak?"

She giggled. "Look closer." He took it out of the wrapping and held it up to the light that streamed through the window. He gasped.

"Is that...?" Her son ran his fingers across the embroidery around the collar. it was impossible to notice at first glance but the detail and skill that went into it was undeniable.

"It is. Frost." Stretching out and weaved it's way from the high collar was thin white threads. They made the dusty brown cloth looked as through it had been lightly frosted if you looked at it from just the right angled. "I though it was fitting, seeing as you fancy yourself being Jack Frost."

"Oh, Mom." He looked at her slightly overwhelmed. She had to have put many long hours into this. He gave gave her a long, tight hug and kissed her cheek. "Thank you so much!"

Mrs. Overland simply smiled at him and lightly patted his cheek when he pulled away from her.

"What about me?" Emma stepped forward, nervously running running her fingers through a lock of her hair. Her mom patted the bed and she quickly climbed up sat down.

"I have something very special for you dear." Mrs. Overland reached behind her neck and unfastened the locket that she always wore. It was a gold oval with a circle of flowers around a heart engraved on it. She opened it and showed them to portraits the right was Jack smiling softly and on the left was Emma grinning like she did when all three of them played together. "This locket was your Grandmother's. It was handed down to me when I was a teen and I think it's time I hand it down to you." Emma turned around and her mom fastened it around her neck.

"The flowers are peach blossoms. Your Grandmother and Grandfather were wed underneath a peach tree when it was in full bloom. When it was their tenth anniversary, he commissioned a jewelry maker to make this. And I had an artist paint these a few months ago." She kissed Emma on the forehead. "Take good care of it, okay?"

The young girl touched the old locket and looked at her mom with eyes full of wonder.

* * *

><p>Year 845

"Come on, Hic, please?"

"Again, Jack, No."

"Pretty please?"

"You've been spending to much time with Emma."

The two teens sat on a meadow just outside of town where the ground was flat and compact. Jack had two wooden swords and a shield with a target painted on it. The look he gave Hiccup was as pleading as a puppy's. He scowled at him but begrudgingly gave in after a minute and took the shield.

"Alright. But this is the last time today." He got up slowly and let

out a laugh as Jack practically pranced away.

They both got into position. Hiccup held the shield up in front of him with a firm grip. Jack had a sword in each hand. Both paused for a second before leaping into action. Hiccup ran as fast he could, darting every direction to shake off Jack. But it was no use. He ran as if the wind carried him and quickly caught up to the other clumsy boy. Jack slashed the shield, leaving a large dent and the force caused Hiccup to fall to the ground. He grumbled a cursed at his bad balance.

Jack offered his hand and Hiccup pulled himself up.

"Sorry, Hic. I didn't mean to knock you over."

"It's fine." He rubbed himself where he had landed. "Yeah, I think you don't have to worry about training. Going off all the bumps and bruises you've given me over the years, you'll do fine."

"Thanks, Hiccup."

They were silent for a moment for a moment before something started to bother Hiccup but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"H-Hey..." Jack fidgeted nervously. "There's something I've been meaning to tell-"

"Jack." He stopped him. "Why is it so quiet?" They weren't that far from town. Whenever they came here, they were always able to hear the bustling sound of people. Talking, babies crying, wagons clattering down the streets. But right now, he heard nothing. "We're should be able to hear the town. What-"

"The wall." Jack looked behind Hiccup, terror suddenly etched in his face.

Hiccup gave him a confused look and turning around.

Over the wall, peeking at them, were the eyes of a titan bigger then any had ever seen before.

"Odin help us."

* * *

><p>AN**

I feel like the **pacing on this chapter is all kinds of wrong. Oh well. If it bugs me enough, I can change it later.**

What do you guys think? Is there anything you'd like to see in this story?

Edit:

Yeah, it bugged me enough. This chapter is now about 2,000 words long and I've completely rewritten the plot. I am really sorry about how long this took to **update. Not only did I completely redo the plot, but life took a major shit on my face with family issues and

school starting and AP classes all mixed together. Needless to say, the last the last 2 months have been really tiring and things are only just starting to settle down.**

And don't worry, I have no intention of of abandoning this story; I have way too many ideas for it.

**Updates will now be on biweekly schedule, meaning the next update will be on October 6th. Sorry it can't update more but I can barely keep up with my classes as is! **

Anyway, thank you so much for reading this and please tell me what you think and if there is anything you's like to happen, just send me a message and I'll consider adding it(And i will give you credit if I use your idea)! I love you all!

2. Chapter 2: Trucidation

The eerie silence that engulfed the town was deafening. It was the same hush that haunted ghost towns and graveyards at night. It was laced with fear and it dangled you off a cliff; a second from death and a second from safety. The hiss of steam from the titans was all that pierced the air. It was as though time had stopped. Neither of the boys said anything. Both were horrified.

An explosion shook the city and the spell was broken. People ran around, screaming, and calling for loved ones. Jack and Hiccup glanced at each other before sprinting off toward the wall. Chaos had broken out. People and animals were everywhere but they were running in the same direction. A mother screamed for her child who got caught in the crowd and was ripped away from her. Jack grabbed Hiccup's hand and held on tightly. He did not want to be separated from him. They pushed and fought their way through the crowd until the bottom half of Wall Maria was in sight.

Around them, a little girl was screaming and crying for her parents until she was knocked over and trampled underfoot. A man ran through the crowds with a knife in hand. When anyone got in his way, he slashed them. A young woman, no older the twenty-five, took one last breath before jumping off the roof of a tall building. Her fresh blood joined the many others that painted the ground ruby. But neither Hiccup or Jack noticed this.

An old woman looked up calmly at the wall with empty eyes. She walked towards it slowly.

Through the clearing dust and steam, Jack and Hiccup saw a cyclopiian hand pluck her off the ground like a doll and shoved her into a grotesquely large mouth. The snapping of her bones rang in their ears.

The wall had been breached. Titans walked among human's once more.

Jack looked up at the monster as it grinned and grabbed it's next victim. He froze in horror as he watched a screaming, kicking man go down it's throat as a bump.

Hiccup and Jack gripped each other's hands as tight as they could. In

all this insanity, it seemed as though the other's touch was the only thing that kept them grounded.

Jack turned toward Hiccup, trembling. "We need to find Emma and our moms."

A high pitched scream interrupted them for a moment before being cut off. They both winced.

"We need to hurry." Hiccup readjusted his grip on Jack's hand and they nodded at each other. They ran through the crowd, taking care not to be separated. "My mom said she was going to do chores today. She should be at home. What about Emma?"

"S-She said something about picking flowers at breakfast." Had it only been half a day since then? It felt like another world.

"She'll be in the orchards then." Hiccup squeezed Jack's hand before letting go. "I'll look for our moms. You find Emma and meet us at the gate."

He opened his mouth to protest but closed it. Jack did not want to let Hiccup out of his sight; If they weren't together then he couldn't protect him. The sass mouth was his best friend and he'd be lying if he didn't say he knew what that feeling that squeezed at his heart was. Losing him would be more painful then death. But he knew that splitting up was their best chance of getting everyone they loved out safely.

"I will." He nodded. "Just... Promise me you'll be there." Hiccup started to say something but simply looked away.

In that moment, it fully hit Jack that there was a very real possibility that they would never see each other again. How much was and is going unsaid by them both. And that he couldn't bring himself to be the first to actually say something rather than just speaking. Jack had always thought that danger made confessing things easier but it wasn't. The confessions built up and become a jumbled mess, making the words crash together and fight, With a thousand things to say and all of them trying to come out, Jack found that he had nothing to say to Hiccup before they parted.

He couldn't say how he felt but he could show it.

Jack impulsively grabbed the front of Hiccup's shirt and pulled him close. He brought their lips together in a chaste kiss that made the tight feeling in his chest become molten lava. It dripped from his heart and became a storming sea in his stomach.

Jack pulled away and looked into Hiccup's wide green eyes. "Stay safe. We'll see you at the gate."

He turned and ran toward the orchard, leaving behind a very confused Hiccup.

Jack paused only for when he reached the edge of town. He gulped down some air and thank his lucky stars he hadn't encountered any titans. Then he sprinted as fast as he could down the small dirt trail that snaked through the orchard. A few stray titan's meandered around and picked up any spare souls who thought they could hide from them in a

place where there are a few people. Screams filled the air. Jack left the trail when he saw a patch of flowers and kept looking. Whenever he came across a tree he'd look up at the branches incase Emma was hiding in one.

But as the patches of flowers grew further apart, Jack began to worry. Could she have-No. No, she couldn't have! Jack would probably find her curled up in a tree, shaken but alive. He just had to keep looking.

The ground near him shook and he saw the back of a titan facing him. Fear shot through him and he froze. It was so close. He was dead, that's all there is to it. One false move and the titan would hear him. He would never be able to see anyone he loved again. At least he had kissed Hiccup once.

_God, how dramatic could he get? _He wasn't going to die here. He couldn't.

Jack shook his head and slowly, silently backed away from the brut. It was uncomfortably close to him, but if he was quiet and didn't turn around, he could probably get out of this alive. His back ran into a tree and jumped away with a small gasp, his heart racing. He tensed and glanced back at the titan but it didn't seem to have heard him and was lumbering slowly away from him. He waited a moment before running toward another tree. The minute it took to get there was one of the most terrifying in his whole life. Jack hid behind it and paused for a moment, peeking to see if he'd been caught. It didn't seem like he had.

A small whimper and a choked back sob coming from above him made him jump. Jack glanced up and nearly passed out with relief. Emma clung to a branch of the tree with her eyes screwed shut and a sleeve pressed to her mouth to try to muffle her sobs. Her dress was ripped and scratches ran from her temple to cheek, but she was in one piece.

"Emma...!" He cried horsily. Her eyes slowly opened and she cried even harder when she saw him.

"J-Jack!"

"We need to get out of here. Can you get down?" She nodded. "Good." She crawled down the branch and trunk. They siblings fell in to each other's arms and Jack kissed her forehead. He pulled away and looked her in the eye. "We're going to get out of this alive, alright? Nothing's going to happen to you, I promise." Emma wiped away her tears and took a deep breath before nodding.

In that moment, everything was fine. Jack had seen death and heard people's last screams that day, but they were faceless. They were unknown beings with unknown personalities. Jack had no feelings invested in them. Their death only sparked his fear and his protectiveness for his loved ones. He couldn't mourn for the unknown's death while the known were still alive and in danger.

But that self-preserving mindset was a small glass wall of protection and the titans had destroyed Wall Maria. It was only a matter of time before the glass was broken too.

The ground beneath the siblings trembled. They looked around and found the source. The titan had heard them. It charged toward them, dead eyes bright with glutton and drool dripping down it's chin.

Everything wasn't going to be alright, was it?

Emma gripped jack's hand tight. "Jack... I'm scared."

He yanked on her arm and sprinted away from the titan with her in tow. "I know, I know." Jack tried to make his tone as calming as possible. "You're not going to get caught. Uh..." He scrambled for something, anything, to reassure her. What did he normally do to cheer her up? "We're going to have a little fun instead!"

"No, we're not!" Panic edged into he words.

Jack forced himself to laugh. "Would I trick you?"

"Yes, you always play tricks!"

"Alright," He muttered, thinking quickly. How could he turn this into a game? "W-Well not this time. I promise. I promise you're going to be fine. You have to believe in me." A thought occurred to him. "You want to play a game? We're going to play tag! Like we play everyday with Hiccup! It's as easy as 'You're it!'" He squeezed her hand and let go. "Ready?" She nodded. With a quick tap on her shoulder, he raced just ahead of her. "Tag! You're it!"

In that moment, everything was going to be fine.

"Hey! No fair!" Emma's voice was cheerful again. It was working! "You ch-!" She screamed as a hand tightened around her the titan had caught up to them.

"Emma! No!" Anger and fear coursed through Jack. He turned and ran toward the monster that held his sister captive. There was no plan, just fury that blinded him.

Emma was crying and screaming. She struggled against the hand and hit it with her clenched fists. They were the size of ants compared to the one that held her. If it wanted to, it could crush her to death in it's grip.

Jack stopped at the titan's feet. What could he do? What could he do? What could he do? His fury was engulfed by fear as the titan brought her to it's mouth. She was meters away from him. How could he help her? How could he help her how could he hel-

The titan opened it's mouth and shoved her in. It's teeth snapped her bones like toothpicks and blood spurted from her limp body. The scarlet liquid dripped down and chin and a drop fell to ground in front of Jack.

Jack felt sick. He felt faint. He covered his mouth and looked away, tears freely falling. A sparkle in the air caught his attention. It arched in the air toward him and landed at the titan's feet. Jack didn't even hesitate. He dove after it. He clutched it to his chest and ran away from the titan.

* * *

><p>Hiccup wandered through the chaotic crowd around the gate. He felt hollow and heavy all at once. But he still wandered, looking for the one face that could make this nightmare just a little better. At least that's what the young teen told himself. Even though it as impossible, he found himself looking for a warm loving face that just couldn't be there.<p>

Jack. Where's Jack. I need to find Jack. I can't leave without Jack. Where's Jack? Jack!

Hiccup felt weak and his steps were shaky. It had been such a normal day. How did it turn out like this? He left the crowd and slumped against the wall of a shop. He legs still wobbled.

Where's Jack? Did he find Emma? Or did the worst happen?

"H-Hic..." A house but relieved voice made him look up. Jack stood above him, bruised, scraped and covered in blood. But he was alive.

"You're safe." Hiccup slowly got up and embraced his friend. "You're alive." Jack wrapped one arm around him a buried his face in his shoulder. After a few minutes, they pulled away from each other but stayed close.

"Did you find our moms?" Jack held onto his last hope.

Hiccup bit his lip and looked away. "T-The street was crawling with titans. I couldn't- There wasn't-" Hiccup paused. "Where's Emma?"

Jack didn't even realize he was crying until Hiccup pulled him into a hug and his shoulder was soaked with his tears. They buried their faces into each other's shoulders and let it out.

When there were no tears left, they held hands as they walked toward safety. The kiss hung over them but it seemed they both agreed that this was not the time for such trivial things. This was the time for mourning.

* * *

><p>TRUCIDATION<p>

[noun]

slaughter; the act of killing.

* * *

><p>AN**

**This was a really hard chapter to write. I'm not 100% happy with it but this is as good as it's going to get for now. **

What do you think so far? Am I staying true to Hiccup and Jack's characters and the Attack on Titan Universe?

End
file.